

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Thug Style"

Fuck 2Pac that nigga ain't shit  
That nigga ain't from muhfuckin' New York  
That nigga be out there with them Cali niggas  
Yo nigga man fuck 'Pac that nigga West Coast  
That fucker that always with them New York niggas  
Seen them with that nigga man that nigga ain't from the West Coast  
Man fuck 'Pac fuck that nigga that nigga ain't really down  
Rapin' ass nigga I didn't do it fuck it with that nigga  
Fuck that nigga man fuck that nigga let that nigga go to jail right  
And fuck that nigga fuck that nigga fuck you too nigga

I'm in this, motherfucker  
I guess these muthafuckas tryin' to take me out the business right  
I guess I ain't East Coast enough for my niggas back in New York  
And I ain't West Coast for these niggas on the West huh?  
Fuck e'rybody

[\*laughing\*]

Thug style out this, motherfucker, niggas, throw ya hands in the air  
If you got Jeep make ya speakers pop  
I want motherfuckin' police tryin' to pull niggas over on this one  
We takin' this one to the whole 'nother level gutter style thug style  
You feel me, things that we can only do as a real G  
We ain't dead yet

Hit me, I got my Hennessy find ya foes  
In a room full of niggas tryin' to hide ya hoes  
I'm gettin' high off Buddha cause the times be slow  
I keep my mind on dough you never find me broke  
And who me? A nigga livin' life like a G  
In that artillery keepin' niggas off of me  
I can't sleep livin' in these wicked times, peep  
Niggas after me cause they see I'm stackin' G's and heat  
You can holler if you want to, please!  
I ain't runnin' with no punk crew be, bleed!  
Enemies and my range is on, you're in the danger zone  
My fuckin' game is strong, now hotline  
You suckas better find ya mind I got mine  
From hustlin' and bustin' them rhymes  
To my niggas up in Quentin, Down on Rikers Isle  
Stay rile, but a nigga gotta use his styles

These, niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild  
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style  
These, niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild

Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style

I could be wrong but I never got along with cops  
It's like they stuck from makin' niggas duck from Glocks  
And all the time, my mind's full of thoughts of ends  
I'm still rollin' my bucket but I bought me a Benz (tadow)  
My fake friends say they love me but I know they lie  
Cause in the dark see they hearts full of homicide  
My mama cried when they took me off to jail  
Only me inside the cell, straight locked up in this hell  
I hear some sucker screamin' like the demon's inside  
Will 'em away in the mornin', only the strong survive  
I cry, but in my own way swallow my pride  
Pick a reason to hide from all the niggas that die  
Cemetery full of brothers I buried it's goin' down  
Even now I wonder will I still be around  
My hometown is the gutter I was born a wild  
I came up out this dust with my heartless style

These, niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild  
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style  
These, niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild  
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style

I remember Uptown, run catch a kiss  
Listenin' to Mr. Magic  
Cuttin' up the hits And even though I had a habit  
Makin' words rhyme I was caught up in the madness  
Juvenile thugs come on  
I tell the whole story nothin' but truth  
Halloween throwin' eggs from the project roofs  
And Pete and Lee young G's with a gift of gab

Tryna hook up with the hookers who was quick to stab Remember mama's cookin', no school straight hookin'  
And tryin' to get with light skinned cause she good lookin'  
And jumpin' over turnstiles cause we ain't payin'  
Call the cuties cuss words but we only playin'  
I'm prayin' I can get a buck no luck  
I had to move around a lot cause my moms was stuck  
I had family but I was way too wild  
Had to move to the West to regain my style

These, niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild  
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style (scream)  
Niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild  
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style (my nigga scream)  
Niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild

Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style (scream)  
Niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild  
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style (scream)  
Niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild  
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style  
These, niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the mothafuckin' cross, but my force was wild  
Mothafuckin' bitches

Swear y'all know nigga  
Ever heard motherfucka say all in Kool-Aid know the flavor hahha  
You mothafuckas all about my motherfuckin' hell being though [?]  
This shit thuggish, fo' life, I told y'all, it's album three see  
G sound, freestyle  
Motherfuckin' Young Thugs in this motherfucker

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